

Another American Writer
In The Star's
Wedded-Life Series.

MARRIAGE—FOR ONE

BY THEODORE DREISER,
Novelist, Who Creates
Wide Discussion.

The Author

Theodore Dreiser.
Our English neighbor, the celebrated novelist, Arnold Bennett, considers Theodore Dreiser a representative American novelist. Mr. Dreiser's work is known in other countries. His books have been translated into both French and German. There is perhaps no author in the United States about whom such curiosity is expressed as Theodore Dreiser. His first book, "Sister Carrie," began when he was reporting on western newspaper for Mr. Dreiser was a newspaper man on many of the big dailies in our largest cities and finished after his advent to New York, brought forth the kind of success and discussion that have become continuous with his succeeding novels.

With all his transcriptions from the terrible things of life, Theodore Dreiser is an idealist. His insight is amazing, his vision far-reaching. MARY STEWART CUTTING, Jr.

WHENEVER I think of love and marriage I think of Wray. That clerkly mind. He was among those I met during my first years in New York. Like so many of the millions seeking to make their way, he was busy about his affairs and, fortunately, with the limitations of the average man he had the ambitions of the average man.

He was connected with one of those commercial agencies which inquire into the standing of business men and report their findings for a price, to other business men. He was interested in his work and seemed satisfied that in time he was certain to achieve what was perhaps a fair enough ambition, management of some branch of the great concern he was connected with and which might have paid him so much as five or six thousand a year.

The thing about him that interested me, apart from a genial and pleasing disposition, was that with all this wealth of opportunity before him for studying the human mind, its resources and resourcefulness, its inhibitions and liberations, its humor, tragedy and general shiftness and changeableness, he concerned himself chiefly with the bare facts of the different enterprises whose character he was supposed to investigate. Were they solvent? Could and did they pay their bills? What was their capital stock? How much cash did they have on hand? Such was the nature of the data he needed, and to this largely he confined himself.

Nevertheless, at times he seemed astonished or made angry or self-righteous by the tricks, the secretiveness, the errors and downright meanness of spirit of so many of the men he came in contact with. As for himself, he had the feeling that he was a person of no little lightward; not as limited or worthless as some of these others. On this score, as on some others, he was convinced that he would succeed. If a man did as he should do, if he were industrious and honest and courteous and a few more of those many things we all know we ought to be, he was bound to get along better than those who did not. What, an honest, industrious, careful, courteous man not to do better than those who were none of these things? What nonsense! It must be so.

Of course, there were accidents and sickness, and men here and there stole from one another, as he saw well illustrated in his own labors; and banks failed. And there were trusts and combinations being formed even then which did not seem to be entirely in tune with the interests of the average man. But even so. All things considered, if the average man followed the above rules he was sure to fare better than the other fellow. There was such a thing as approximate justice. Good did prevail. In the main, and the wicked were punished, as they should be.

He used to interest me a great deal on that score, for he liked to argue and speculate as to the lives of his fellow-men and to laugh at their follies and peccadilloes, so long as they did not sway too far to the left of what he looked upon as the line of honor and fair dealing.

As for love and marriage, he held definite views about these also. Not that he was unduly narrow or inclined to censure those whose lives had not worked out as well as he hoped his own would, but there was a fine line of tact somewhere in this matter of marriage which led to success also, quite as qualities outlined above led or should lead to success in matters more material or practical.

One had to understand a little something about women. One had to be sure that when one went a-courting one selected a woman of sense as well as charm, one who came of good stock and hence would be possessed of good taste and good principles. She need not be rich; she might even be poor. So many women were designed to lead a life of poverty, they could not help it. A serious man to succeed if they were parents. Everywhere, of course, was the worthy girl whom it was an honor to marry, and it was one of these he was going to choose. But even with one such it was necessary to examine her; she might be too narrow and conventional, would not understand the world, perhaps be full of prejudices.

IN the course of time, having become weary of a solitary life, he had been introduced to a girl who seemed to embody nearly all of the virtues and qualities which he thought necessary. She was the daughter of very modestly circumstanced parents, who dwelt in the nearby suburb of O—, and a very capable stenographer. She was really a girl who appeared to be practical and sensible, but still in leash to the tenets and instructions of her home, her church and her family circle—three worlds which were as fixed and definite and worthy as the most enthusiastic of those who seek to maintain the order and virtue of the world could have wished.

For instance, she was opposed to the theater, dancing, night dining or visiting in the city, as well as anything that in her religious world might be construed as desecration of the Sabbath. I recall that he described her narrow "set," but he hoped to make her more liberal in time. He

told me that he had been unable to win her to so simple an outing on the Sabbath as rowing on the little river near her home; that never would she stay downtown to dinner. As for the theater, it could not even be mentioned. She could not and would not dance and looked upon such inclinations in him as not only worldly, but loose and sinful.

Although he prided himself on being a liberal, and even a radical, to her he pretended a profound indifference to such departures from conventions. He thought her too fine and intelligent a girl to stick to such notions and was doing his best to influence and enlighten her.

By slow degrees (he was about the business of courting her two or three years) he was able to bring her to the place where she would stay downtown for dinner on a week day and occasionally where she met the sacred concert on a Sunday night. Also, which he considered a great triumph, he induced her to read certain books, especially bits of history and philosophy which he thought liberal, and which no doubt generated some thin wisps of doubt in her own mind. He had always looked upon the theater as the chiefest of the sources of his harmless entertainment and eventually persuaded her to attend a performance, then another and another. In short, he emancipated her in so far as he could and seemed delighted with the result.

With their marriage came a new form of life for both of them, but more especially for her. They took a small apartment in New York, and it was not long before she joined a literary club that was being formed in their vicinity where she met two restless, pushing, seeking women for whom he did not care—Mrs. Drake and Mrs. Munshaw—both of whom he insisted could be of no value to any one. But Bessie liked them and spent a great deal of time with them. I visited them at their small apartment about this time and found that she was proving a very apt pupil in the realm to which he had introduced her. It was plain that she had been emancipated from her old notions as to the sinfulness of the stage, as well as reading and living in general, or contented with the little Prince Charming who had entered the secret garden and waked the sleeping princess to a world such as she had never dreamed of.

She spoke of certain popular authors of an enlightening history of France she was reading, while her reading circle at the club was discussing. I could see that Wray was beginning to feel that the unsophisticated girl he had married might yet outstrip him in the very realm in which he had hoped to be her permanent guide. More than once she questioned or contradicted him as to a matter of fact, and I think he was astonished, if not irritated, that she knew more than he about the import of a certain plot or the relative of certain dates in history.

Whenever he met her after this he would confide the growing nature of his doubts and perplexities. Bessie was no more like the girl he had met in his office than he was like the boy he had been at ten years of age. She was becoming more aggressive, more inquisitive, more self-centered, more argumentative all the time; more this, more that. She did not like the same plays he liked. He wanted a play that was light and amusing and she wanted one with some serious moral or intellectual twist to it. She read only serious books now and was interested in lectures; whereas he, as he now confessed, was more or less bored by serious books. She liked music, or was pretending that she did—grand opera, recitals and that sort of thing; whereas grand opera bored him. And yet if he would not accompany her she would go with one or both of those women he was beginning to detect. They seemed to have no household duties and could come and go as they chose. It was they who were aiding and abetting her up to go and do and be.

What was he to do? No good could come if things went on as they were now going. They were beginning to quarrel, and more than once lately she had threatened to leave him and do for herself, as he well knew she could.

IN about two months after this Wray came to see me, and in a very distrust state of mind. After vainly attempting to discuss casual things, he finally confessed that Bessie had left him. She had taken a room somewhere, had gone back to work and would not accept any money from him. Although he met her occasionally in the subway, she would have nothing to do with him. And would believe he was accusing him of being narrow and ignorant and stubborn! And only three or four years before she had thought he was all wrong because he wanted to go rowing on Sunday!

Could such things be? And still he loved her? He couldn't help it. He recalled how sweet and innocent and strange she had been when he first met her; how much she respected her parents' wishes—and now see.

"I wish to God," he suddenly exclaimed, "that I hadn't been in such a hurry to change her. She was as right as a rail. If I hadn't known it, I shouldn't have been so damned new-fangled things, and I wasn't satisfied until she was. And now see. She leaves me and says 'I'm narrow and trying to hold her back intellectually.'"

I shook my head. Of what value was his head in the face of such a situation as this, especially from one who was satisfied that the mysteries of temperament were not to be unraveled or adjusted save by nature? Nevertheless, being appealed to, I ventured a silly suggestion borrowed from the past. He said that he would be willing to modify the pointless opposition and contention that had driven her away. She might go her intellectual way as she chose if she would only come back.

Seeing him so tractable and so very wishful, I suggested a thing another had done in a related situation. He was to win her back by offering her such terms as she would accept, and then, in order to bind her to him, he was to induce her to have a child. That would capture her sympathy and at the same time insinuate an image of himself into her affectionate consideration. "Or so I said."

The thought interested him at once. It satisfied his practical and clerkly



"SHE MET A MAN—I FOLLOWED THEM WHEN THEY CAME OUT, AND WHEN THEY WERE GETTING INTO A CAB I TOLD THEM BOTH WHAT I THOUGHT OF THEM."

There was a small park nearby, and here he was to be found trundling this infant in a handsome baby carriage whenever his duties would permit. He liked to speculate on the charm and innocence of babyhood and was amused by a hundred things he had never noticed in the children of others. Already he was planning for little Marie's future. It was hard for children to be cooped up in the city—home and seemingly binding and restraining things which go with the rearing and protection of a young life.

But, as it was soon to learn, even during that period all was not as smooth as might be. One day in which he had hoped to be her permanent guide, more than once she questioned or contradicted him as to a matter of fact, and I think he was astonished, if not irritated, that she knew more than he about the import of a certain plot or the relative of certain dates in history.

Whenever he met her after this he would confide the growing nature of his doubts and perplexities. Bessie was no more like the girl he had met in his office than he was like the boy he had been at ten years of age. She was becoming more aggressive, more inquisitive, more self-centered, more argumentative all the time; more this, more that. She did not like the same plays he liked. He wanted a play that was light and amusing and she wanted one with some serious moral or intellectual twist to it. She read only serious books now and was interested in lectures; whereas he, as he now confessed, was more or less bored by serious books. She liked music, or was pretending that she did—grand opera, recitals and that sort of thing; whereas grand opera bored him. And yet if he would not accompany her she would go with one or both of those women he was beginning to detect. They seemed to have no household duties and could come and go as they chose. It was they who were aiding and abetting her up to go and do and be.

What was he to do? No good could come if things went on as they were now going. They were beginning to quarrel, and more than once lately she had threatened to leave him and do for herself, as he well knew she could.

IN about two months after this Wray came to see me, and in a very distrust state of mind. After vainly attempting to discuss casual things, he finally confessed that Bessie had left him. She had taken a room somewhere, had gone back to work and would not accept any money from him. Although he met her occasionally in the subway, she would have nothing to do with him. And would believe he was accusing him of being narrow and ignorant and stubborn! And only three or four years before she had thought he was all wrong because he wanted to go rowing on Sunday!

Could such things be? And still he loved her? He couldn't help it. He recalled how sweet and innocent and strange she had been when he first met her; how much she respected her parents' wishes—and now see.

"I wish to God," he suddenly exclaimed, "that I hadn't been in such a hurry to change her. She was as right as a rail. If I hadn't known it, I shouldn't have been so damned new-fangled things, and I wasn't satisfied until she was. And now see. She leaves me and says 'I'm narrow and trying to hold her back intellectually.'"

I shook my head. Of what value was his head in the face of such a situation as this, especially from one who was satisfied that the mysteries of temperament were not to be unraveled or adjusted save by nature? Nevertheless, being appealed to, I ventured a silly suggestion borrowed from the past. He said that he would be willing to modify the pointless opposition and contention that had driven her away. She might go her intellectual way as she chose if she would only come back.

Seeing him so tractable and so very wishful, I suggested a thing another had done in a related situation. He was to win her back by offering her such terms as she would accept, and then, in order to bind her to him, he was to induce her to have a child. That would capture her sympathy and at the same time insinuate an image of himself into her affectionate consideration. "Or so I said."

The thought interested him at once. It satisfied his practical and clerkly

There was a small park nearby, and here he was to be found trundling this infant in a handsome baby carriage whenever his duties would permit. He liked to speculate on the charm and innocence of babyhood and was amused by a hundred things he had never noticed in the children of others. Already he was planning for little Marie's future. It was hard for children to be cooped up in the city—home and seemingly binding and restraining things which go with the rearing and protection of a young life.

But, as it was soon to learn, even during that period all was not as smooth as might be. One day in which he had hoped to be her permanent guide, more than once she questioned or contradicted him as to a matter of fact, and I think he was astonished, if not irritated, that she knew more than he about the import of a certain plot or the relative of certain dates in history.

Whenever he met her after this he would confide the growing nature of his doubts and perplexities. Bessie was no more like the girl he had met in his office than he was like the boy he had been at ten years of age. She was becoming more aggressive, more inquisitive, more self-centered, more argumentative all the time; more this, more that. She did not like the same plays he liked. He wanted a play that was light and amusing and she wanted one with some serious moral or intellectual twist to it. She read only serious books now and was interested in lectures; whereas he, as he now confessed, was more or less bored by serious books. She liked music, or was pretending that she did—grand opera, recitals and that sort of thing; whereas grand opera bored him. And yet if he would not accompany her she would go with one or both of those women he was beginning to detect. They seemed to have no household duties and could come and go as they chose. It was they who were aiding and abetting her up to go and do and be.

What was he to do? No good could come if things went on as they were now going. They were beginning to quarrel, and more than once lately she had threatened to leave him and do for herself, as he well knew she could.

IN about two months after this Wray came to see me, and in a very distrust state of mind. After vainly attempting to discuss casual things, he finally confessed that Bessie had left him. She had taken a room somewhere, had gone back to work and would not accept any money from him. Although he met her occasionally in the subway, she would have nothing to do with him. And would believe he was accusing him of being narrow and ignorant and stubborn! And only three or four years before she had thought he was all wrong because he wanted to go rowing on Sunday!

Could such things be? And still he loved her? He couldn't help it. He recalled how sweet and innocent and strange she had been when he first met her; how much she respected her parents' wishes—and now see.

"I wish to God," he suddenly exclaimed, "that I hadn't been in such a hurry to change her. She was as right as a rail. If I hadn't known it, I shouldn't have been so damned new-fangled things, and I wasn't satisfied until she was. And now see. She leaves me and says 'I'm narrow and trying to hold her back intellectually.'"

I shook my head. Of what value was his head in the face of such a situation as this, especially from one who was satisfied that the mysteries of temperament were not to be unraveled or adjusted save by nature? Nevertheless, being appealed to, I ventured a silly suggestion borrowed from the past. He said that he would be willing to modify the pointless opposition and contention that had driven her away. She might go her intellectual way as she chose if she would only come back.

Seeing him so tractable and so very wishful, I suggested a thing another had done in a related situation. He was to win her back by offering her such terms as she would accept, and then, in order to bind her to him, he was to induce her to have a child. That would capture her sympathy and at the same time insinuate an image of himself into her affectionate consideration. "Or so I said."

The thought interested him at once. It satisfied his practical and clerkly

Observing them together, one could see how proud he was of her and his relationship to her; how he felt that he had captured a prize, regardless of the conditions by which it was retained; while she held him rather lightly in her thoughts or her moods. Having won her back, he now sought to bind her to him in any way that he might, while she wished only to be free. For surer she plunged into those old activities which had so troubled him, and now in addition to himself the child was being neglected, or so he thought. The arrival of Marie had not influenced her in that respect. And what was more and worse, she had now taken to reading Freud and Kraft-Ebbing and allied thinkers and authorities, men and works he considered shameful, even though scarcely grasped by him. Once he said to me:

"Do you know of a writer by the name of Pierre Loti?"

"Yes," I replied. "I know his works. What about it?"

"What do you think of him?"

"Why, I respect him very much. What about him?"

"Oh, I know, from an intellectual point of view, as a fine writer, maybe. But what do you think of his views of life—of his books as books to be read by the mother of a little girl?"

"Wray," I said, "I can't enter upon a discussion of any man's works upon purely moral grounds. He might be good for some mothers and evil for others. That is as you will. Those who are to be injured by a picture of life must be injured, and those who are to be benefited will be benefited. I can't discuss either books or life in that way. I see books as truthful representations of life in some form, nothing more. And it would be unfair to any one who stood in intellectual need to be restrained from that which might prove of advantage to him. I speak only for myself, however."

It was not long after that—six months or less—that I heard there had been a new quarrel, which resulted in Bessie leaving him once more, and with her, which perhaps

was illegal or unfair, she had taken the child of which he was so fond. Not hearing directly from him as to this, I called upon him after a time and found him living in the same large apartment they had taken. Apart from a solemnity and a reserve which sprang from a wounded and disgruntled spirit, he pretended an indifference and a satisfaction with his present state which did not square with his past love for her.

She had gone, yes, and with another man. He was sure of that, although he did not know who the man was. It was due to one of those two women about whom he had told me before—that Mrs. Drake. She had interested Bessie in things which did not and could not interest him. They were all alike, those people—crazy and notional and insincere. After a time he added that he had been to see her parents. I could not guess why, unless it was because he was lonely and still very much in love and thought they might help him to understand the troublesome problem that was before him.

THERE was no other word from him for much over a year, during which time he continued to live in the apartment they had occupied together. He had retained his position with the agency and was now manager of a department. One rainy November night he came to see me and seated himself before my fire. He looked well enough, quite the careful person who takes care of his clothes, but thinner, more tense and restless. He said he was doing very well and was thinking of taking a long vacation to visit some friends in the west. (He had heard that Bessie had gone to California.)

Then of a sudden, noting that I studied him and wondered, he grew restless and finally got up to look at a shelf of books. Suddenly he wheeled and faced me, exclaiming:

"I can't stand it. That's what's the matter. I've tried and tried. I thought that the child would make things work out all right, but it didn't. She didn't want children and never forgave me for persuading her to have Marie. And that literary craze—but that was my fault. I was the one that encouraged her to read and go to the theaters. I used to tell her she wasn't up-to-date; that she ought to wake up and find out what was going on in the world; that she ought to get out with intelligent people. . . . But it wasn't that, either. If she had been the right sort of a woman she couldn't have done as she has done."

He paused and clenched his hands nervously, as though he were denouncing her to her face instead of to me.

"Now, Wray," I interposed, "how useless to say that? Which of us is as he thought to be? Why will you talk so?"

"But let me tell you what she did," he went on fiercely. "You haven't an idea of what I've been through; not

"Why, I respect him very much. What about him?"

"Oh, I know, from an intellectual point of view, as a fine writer, maybe. But what do you think of his views of life—of his books as books to be read by the mother of a little girl?"

"Wray," I said, "I can't enter upon a discussion of any man's works upon purely moral grounds. He might be good for some mothers and evil for others. That is as you will. Those who are to be injured by a picture of life must be injured, and those who are to be benefited will be benefited. I can't discuss either books or life in that way. I see books as truthful representations of life in some form, nothing more. And it would be unfair to any one who stood in intellectual need to be restrained from that which might prove of advantage to him. I speak only for myself, however."

It was not long after that—six months or less—that I heard there had been a new quarrel, which resulted in Bessie leaving him once more, and with her, which perhaps

was illegal or unfair, she had taken the child of which he was so fond. Not hearing directly from him as to this, I called upon him after a time and found him living in the same large apartment they had taken. Apart from a solemnity and a reserve which sprang from a wounded and disgruntled spirit, he pretended an indifference and a satisfaction with his present state which did not square with his past love for her.

She had gone, yes, and with another man. He was sure of that, although he did not know who the man was. It was due to one of those two women about whom he had told me before—that Mrs. Drake. She had interested Bessie in things which did not and could not interest him. They were all alike, those people—crazy and notional and insincere. After a time he added that he had been to see her parents. I could not guess why, unless it was because he was lonely and still very much in love and thought they might help him to understand the troublesome problem that was before him.

THERE was no other word from him for much over a year, during which time he continued to live in the apartment they had occupied together. He had retained his position with the agency and was now manager of a department. One rainy November night he came to see me and seated himself before my fire. He looked well enough, quite the careful person who takes care of his clothes, but thinner, more tense and restless. He said he was doing very well and was thinking of taking a long vacation to visit some friends in the west. (He had heard that Bessie had gone to California.)

Then of a sudden, noting that I studied him and wondered, he grew restless and finally got up to look at a shelf of books. Suddenly he wheeled and faced me, exclaiming:

"I can't stand it. That's what's the matter. I've tried and tried. I thought that the child would make things work out all right, but it didn't. She didn't want children and never forgave me for persuading her to have Marie. And that literary craze—but that was my fault. I was the one that encouraged her to read and go to the theaters. I used to tell her she wasn't up-to-date; that she ought to wake up and find out what was going on in the world; that she ought to get out with intelligent people. . . . But it wasn't that, either. If she had been the right sort of a woman she couldn't have done as she has done."

He paused and clenched his hands nervously, as though he were denouncing her to her face instead of to me.

"Now, Wray," I interposed, "how useless to say that? Which of us is as he thought to be? Why will you talk so?"

"But let me tell you what she did," he went on fiercely. "You haven't an idea of what I've been through; not

an idea. She tried to poison me once." And here followed a sad recital of the twists and turns and desperation of one who wished to be free. "And she was in love with another man, only I could never find out who he was." And he gave me details of certain mysterious goings to and fro, and the push and pull of actions and evidences and moods and quarrels which pointed all too plainly to a breach that could never be healed. "And what is more," she tortured me. "You'll never know—you couldn't. But I loved her. And she loved me."

One more the tensely gripped fingers, the white face, the flash of haunted eyes.

"Once I followed her to a restaurant when she said she was going to visit a friend, and she met a man. I followed him when they came out, and when they were getting into a cab I told them both what I thought of them."

HE paused and gazed at me, and I at him, shaken by a fact that was without solution by any one. I wondered where she was, whether she ever thought of him even, whether she was happy in her new freedom. And then, without more ado, he slipped on his raincoat, took his umbrella and marched out into the rain again, to walk and think, I presume. And I, closing the door, studied the walls, wondering. The despair, the passion, the rage, the hopelessness, the loss. "Truly," I thought, "this is love—for one at least. And this is marriage—for one at least. He is spiritually wedded to that woman, who despises him. And she may be spiritually wedded to another who may despise her. But love and marriage, for one at least, I have seen here in this room, and with mine own eyes."

HE paused and gazed at me, and I at him, shaken by a fact that was without solution by any one. I wondered where she was, whether she ever thought of him even, whether she was happy in her new freedom. And then, without more ado, he slipped on his raincoat, took his umbrella and marched out into the rain again, to walk and think, I presume. And I, closing the door, studied the walls, wondering. The despair, the passion, the rage, the hopelessness, the loss. "Truly," I thought, "this is love—for one at least. And this is marriage—for one at least. He is spiritually wedded to that woman, who despises him. And she may be spiritually wedded to another who may despise her. But love and marriage, for one at least, I have seen here in this room, and with mine own eyes."

HE paused and gazed at me, and I at him, shaken by a fact that was without solution by any one. I wondered where she was, whether she ever thought of him even, whether she was happy in her new freedom. And then, without more ado, he slipped on his raincoat, took his umbrella and marched out into the rain again, to walk and think, I presume. And I, closing the door, studied the walls, wondering. The despair, the passion, the rage, the hopelessness, the loss. "Truly," I thought, "this is love—for one at least. And this is marriage—for one at least. He is spiritually wedded to that woman, who despises him. And she may be spiritually wedded to another who may despise her. But love and marriage, for one at least, I have seen here in this room, and with mine own eyes."

HE paused and gazed at me, and I at him, shaken by a fact that was without solution by any one. I wondered where she was, whether she ever thought of him even, whether she was happy in her new freedom. And then, without more ado, he slipped on his raincoat, took his umbrella and marched out into the rain again, to walk and think, I presume. And I, closing the door, studied the walls, wondering. The despair, the passion, the rage, the hopelessness, the loss. "Truly," I thought, "this is love—for one at least. And this is marriage—for one at least. He is spiritually wedded to that woman, who despises him. And she may be spiritually wedded to another who may despise her. But love and marriage, for one at least, I have seen here in this room, and with mine own eyes."

(Copyright, 1922. All rights reserved.)

OUR FAMOUS SONGS

Mighty Lak a Rose

THE atmosphere of Healey's was heavy with tobacco smoke, and the air was unwholesome because of the presence of hundreds of Bohemian diners at this late hour, for the clock was close to striking the midnight call. There was a half-sufficed silence about the place. The music had stopped for the moment, but throughout this great plebeian banquet hall there was a murmur of suppressed excitement.

The orchestra had just finished playing "Dixie," over which the half-intoxicated audience had gone wild—a number of southerners leading the van of lusty cheers for ten minutes. In answer to these irrepressible echoes, "Swanee River" had been played. "Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and others. But the crowd was not satisfied. It wanted more, and one could see that the patient players were getting ready to do their full duty.

A young man came along the platform from back of the orchestra and was arranging music for a song. All eyes were turned to him. It was spellbound, for the hour was late and spirits were all at the zenith of attention and appreciation.

When the young man, in a clear voice, began to sing "Mighty Lak a Rose," there was a silence so pronounced that every syllable of his clearly-enunciated words could be heard to the farthest part of the room. The song was new, but to others it was an old favorite. Line after line, and verse after verse, the rich music filled the vast room and held men and women by its wild, weird enchantment. Those who had heard the song before were charmed and those to whom it was new were doubly charmed. When the last line had been sung the great crowd went wild with applause and enthusiasm.

It was spellbound, for the hour was late and spirits were all at the zenith of attention and appreciation.

THE plaintiff and her attorney still had been engaged with documents, but as the defendant's attorney quickly sprang to his feet his opponent disclosed a sudden apprehension and sought to forestall his antagonist. He was too late.

"Your honor," said the defendant's attorney, "I move for a dismissal of the complaint in this action."

"On what ground?" the judge asked.

"On the ground that the letter just read—and no doubt all the letters handed up are open to the same objection—has no bearing whatever on the case."

"Why?" the judge asked, his tone showing surprise.

"The letter just read may be legitimate within its personal scope, but as the pleadings show, the name of my client is not Herbert."

through Stanton's poetry is that of pathos, tenderness—a swaying of the soul to the simple things of life. He has lived—and he knows. No poet can sing into the literature of his country the soul-songs which his people unless he sings them out of the abundance of personal experience.

This is the secret out of which has come the immortal glory of the simple melodies of Robert Burns. Frank Stanton knows the spirit of our beloved south, the spirit of our people, our peculiarities, customs, failings, faiths, creeds, and aspirations. Through a trained mind and a lifetime of experience he has caught the spirit not only of our people, but of our seasons, birds, flowers and that vaster still-life of southern landscape and southern sky. He knows our old faiths, our inborn traditions and teachings—the things so hard for an older generation to surrender.

IN his wonderfully touching lullaby, "Mighty Lak a Rose," the deep-wrought feeling of mother love touches the zenith of greatness in these simple lines:

Sweetest 'tilt feller—
Everybody knows:
Dunno what ter call 'im,
But he mighty lak a rose:
Lookin' at his shiny-bug,
Wild eyes so many-bug,
Mek' you think dat heaven
Is comin' 'lost ter you!

W'en he's dar a-sleepin,
In his 'tilt place,
Think I see de angels
Lookin' 'thoo' de lace.

W'en de dark is fallin'—
W'en de shades creep,
Den dey kiss on tip-toe,
Ter kiss 'im in his sleep.

Sweetest 'tilt feller—
Everybody knows:
Dunno what ter call 'im,
But he mighty lak a rose:

THE rapid propagation of smells noticed in the open air appears due entirely to currents, since in small tubes, where currents do not exist, the rate is found to be very small. Experiments along this line were first undertaken in England and additional data have been reported in this country.

With ammonia diffusing through a tube a meter and a half long, more than two hours elapsed before the smell could be detected at the other end of the tube. Using different lengths of tubing it was found that the time required for the diffusion of the smell was roughly proportional to the square of the length. Ammonia and hydrogen sulphide were used for these experiments. The presence of ammonia could be detected chemically at a point in a tube after about the same time as when the sense of smell was used for a detector. The rate of propagation of the smell of ammonia was not markedly different when this had to pass along the same tube either horizontally or vertically. However, the rates horizontally and downward were about the same, the speed upward was about twice as great. The smell given to iron and brass by rubbing these with the fingers was also tried, but gave no definite results.